MARVEL

4

MOON KNIGHT

CITY OF THE DEAD

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Mercenary Marc Spector died and was reborn in the shadow of Khonshu, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became Moon Knight, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

MOON KNIGHT

CITY OF THE DEAD

"AN UNQUIET GRAVE"

A young boy named Khalil Nasser was grievously wounded, lapsing into a coma. Moon Knight used mystical means to travel to the City of the Dead to rescue Khalil's spirit. Once there, a surprising ally came to his aid: Layla El-Faouly, Spector's former lover, now empowered as the Scarlet Scarab.

Elsewhere in the City of the Dead lurks the Jackal Knight, who is Moon Knight's deceased brother, Randall Spector. Randall, seeking revenge, held Khalil captive and gathered a group of Moon Knight's deceased enemies. Moon Knight and the Scarlet Scarab battled the villains and rescued Khalil, who unexpectedly manifested mystical powers as the new host of Osiris. But Khalil's powers also attracted the attention of the monstrous Ammut the Devourer. Moon Knight was consumed by Ammut while Scarlet Scarab and Khalil escaped.

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MY NAME IS *DOCTOR YEHYA BADR*--AND I AM MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

NO--!

SO WHEN MARC SPECTOR ARRIVED WITH A *DYING CHILD* IN HIS ARMS, I COULD NOT REFUSE HIM...

PULSE IS DROPPING-- HE'S GOING INTO *CONVULSIONS!*

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

...FOR WE ARE FISTS OF *KHONSHU*--SWORN TO DEFEND TRAVELERS OF THE NIGHT.

YOU MUST *FIGHT*, KHALIL--IN THE NAME OF ALL THE GODS...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

TO PROTECT THIS BOY, MY BROTHER HAS EMBARKED ON A *DANGEROUS* QUEST...

...YOU CANNOT SURRENDER!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEBEEP

...HE HAS VENTURED INTO *THE CITY OF THE DEAD*...YET I FEAR NOT EVEN HE CAN PREVAIL.

HE'S STABILIZED... FOR NOW.

WHEREVER YOU ARE, SPECTOR, YOU MUST HURRY...

"...THE BOY IS RUNNING OUT OF TIME."

MY NAME IS MARC SPECTOR... AND I AM *LOST.*

I WAS A MARINE ON MY FIRST *TOUR OF DUTY.*

HE WAS A *STRANGER* TRYING TO STAY ALIVE.

AND IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, I KNEW IT WAS EITHER *HIM* OR *ME.*

BLAM

YEARS LATER, HIS *DEATH RATTLE* STILL ECHOES IN MY MEMORY.

BACK THEN, I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT THE WORLD WAS ABOUT-- BUT I WAS *WRONG.*

BECAUSE THAT WAS THE DAY I FIRST *KILLED* A MAN.

YES-- THAT'S IT, MOON PRIEST...

...SURRENDER YOUR HEART TO ME.

GIVE YOURSELF TO AMMUT THE DEVOURER.

AN UNQUIET GRAVE

MY NAME IS *LAYLA EL-FAOULY*--AND ONLY I CAN SAVE TWO WORLDS.

EVER SINCE I DIED, I HAVE PROTECTED THE DUAT AS *THE SCARLET SCARAB.*

STAY WITH ME, KHALIL--I'VE GOT YOU!

BUT IF I DON'T GET KHALIL TO THE *GATES OF OSIRIS,* ALL HELL WILL BREAK LOOSE IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING...

...AND MY DARLING MARC'S *SACRIFICE* WILL HAVE BEEN FOR NOTHING.

BEHIND YOU...LOOK OUT!

AS THE LATEST HOST OF *OSIRIS,* KHALIL IS A VESSEL OF UNTOLD POWER...

HANG ON, KID--WE'VE GOT *INCOMING!*

SKREEEOW

...AND THAT MEANS A WHOLE LOT OF PEOPLE WANT TO SEE HIM *DEAD.*

THIS MAY BE MORE *CHALLENGING* THAN I'D THOUGHT.

TAWERET PRESERVE US...

THEY CALL THEMSELVES *THE LEGION OF THE UNLIVING*--AN ARMY RAISED BY THE SORCERY OF ANUBIS...

...LED BY MARC'S DEAD BROTHER, *RANDALL*... THE MURDEROUS *JACKAL KNIGHT.*

STAY AFTER THEM--WE NEED THE BOY FOR *THE RITUAL!*

AND AS FOR THE SCARAB... LET'S MAKE IT *MESSY*, SHALL WE?

A CHILL RUNS DOWN MY SPINE, AND I KNOW THE CHICAGO SNOW ISN'T TO BLAME.

CAN'T COLLECT MY THOUGHTS--SYNAPSES FIRING ALL AT ONCE...

...AS TERRORS OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE CRASH UPON ME.

GOING SOMEWHERE, MARK?

OR AM I TALKING TO JAKE OR STEVEN NOW?

YOU KNOW HOW HE IS, MONSIEUR SPECTOR--ALWAYS RUNNING FROM SOMETHING.

BUT YOU'LL NEVER OUTRACE YOUR SINS, WILL YA, BOY?

THE THREE GHOSTS I COULD NEVER ESCAPE--MY FATHER, RABBI ELIAS SPECTOR...

MY SON--HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE FIRST COMMANDMENT?

HOW FAR YOU'VE FALLEN--A JEW SWEARING FEALTY TO THE GOD OF HIS OPPRESSORS!

...FRENCHIE, THE MAN WHO MENTORED ME WHEN I WAS AT MY LOWEST...

IT GETS WORSE, ELIAS--WHATEVER HAPPENED TO "THOU SHALT NOT KILL"?

BECAUSE YOUR CRUEL BOY HAS BEEN A VIRTUOSO OF DEATH.

...AND BUSHMAN--THE BUTCHER WHO FORGED ME INTO WHAT I AM TODAY.

NAH, MARC IS PURE OLD TESTAMENT--AND HE'S BEEN OUT THERE HONORING HIS FATHER...

...THE ONLY FATHER WHO MATTERS, THAT IS.

THE EARTH *SHUDDERS* BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF MY TRANSGRESSIONS...

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MARC? NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU TRY TO BE THE WHITE KNIGHT...

...WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU'RE A STONE-COLD *KILLER.*

...AND A *THOUSAND* CORPSES RISE TO TAKE THEIR POUND OF FLESH.

I TRY TO *SCREAM*-- BUT MY THROAT WON'T LET ME.

NO--!

BECAUSE SOMEWHERE DEEP DOWN... I KNOW THAT I *DESERVE* THIS.

YES...I CAN FEEL HIS MIND STARTING TO *BREAK.*

SOON, HE WILL BE *READY...*

"...SOON, HE WILL MAKE A *FINE MEAL* FOR THE DEVOURER."

SKKK

...THIS IS BETWEEN HIM AND ME!

THOOM

AND I REFUSE TO TRADE IN *LIVES.*

STOP HER, DAMN YOU!

BRING DOWN THE SCARAB, OR I'LL RETURN EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU TO OBLIVION!

THAT'S IT--I'VE GOT THE JACKAL KNIGHT *MAD* NOW...

VOOOOOOOOOOMM

...BECAUSE I'M GONNA NEED HIM *DISTRACTED* IF THIS IS GONNA WORK.

HOLY MOTHER OF--!

KRAKOOM

THE WAILS ARE DEAFENING AS I FALL THROUGH A PARADE OF *TORTURED MEMORIES.*

EVERY BULLET, EVERY KNIFE, EVERY BLUNT-FORCE TRAUMA...I *FEEL* EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.

BECAUSE THESE ARE MY MEMORIES--AND I KNOW NO MATTER HOW HARD I FIGHT...

...DEATH WILL *ALWAYS* BE MY LEGACY.

WHUMP

AND THERE'S ONLY *ONE* WAY TO BALANCE THE SCALES.

MY AVATAR-- I BRING YOU THIS SACRED OFFERING.

YES, KHONSHU...

...I'M FINALLY *READY* NOW.

THE DESERT MOON FEELS *COLD* AGAINST MY SKIN AS I SAY MY LAST FAREWELLS.

THAT'S IT, SPECTOR--YOU *KNOW* WHAT YOU MUST DO.

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND GIVE YOURSELF TO ME.

BUT THEN I HEAR A FAMILIAR *VOICE* FROM ACROSS THE SANDS...

AHEM-- *MARC SPECTOR,* I PRESUME...?

...AS MY ULTIMATE *JUDGMENT* HAS FINALLY ARRIVED.

MY NAME IS *DOCTOR PETER ALRAUNE...*

I THINK YOU AND I SHOULD TALK.

BEEN RUNNING FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE *HOURS*--WE'RE ALMOST AT THE GATES OF OSIRIS.

SHRAKOW

AAAAARGH!

CAN'T BLACK OUT NOW--NOT WHEN WE'RE SO *CLOSE*...

NNF!

FWUMP

THANK THE GODS, *THOTH* AND *SHESMU* ARE HERE--THEY CAN PROTECT THE BOY NOW...

IMPOSSIBLE-- HOW DID YOU RETRIEVE THE LORD OF SILENCE?!

QUICKLY, SCARAB--BRING THE HOST OF OSIRIS TO US--!

BUT THERE ARE SOME FORCES EVEN STRONGER THAN THE *GODS*.

NYARRGH!

SHRAKOOWWW

NO-- KHALIL...

COME ON-- WE NEED TO KEEP *MOVING!*

OH, MY DEAR SCARAB...I THINK THE BOY IS *FAR* BEYOND THAT.

I CAN FEEL THE *MYSTIC ENERGY* SHIFTING IN THE WINDS...

"FINALLY... THE VESSEL OF OSIRIS IS *DYING*, ISN'T HE?"

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

YES--HIS SPIRIT HAS BEGUN TO *TRANSCEND.*

YOU'RE *TOO LATE* TO STOP ME NOW, BLADE OF TAWERET...

I CAN FEEL THE SPELL NOT JUST IN MY BODY--BUT THROUGH *THE SCARAB* ITSELF.

SHZRAAK

NO-- *KHALIL!*

...TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING BUT *SURRENDER* TO YOUR FATE!

NYAAAARGH!

BECAUSE THE JACKAL KNIGHT'S POWER HAS GONE *BEYOND* KHALIL NOW...

LET THE RITUAL OF OSIRIS BEGIN!

IN THE NAME OF THE DUAT, I INVOKE THY POWER...

IN THE NAME OF THE ENNEAD, I BIND THY SPIRIT...

...HE'S TAKEN CONTROL OF *THE CITY OF THE DEAD.*

AND IN THE NAME OF ANUBIS, THE ALMIGHTY JACKAL...

...I SHALL RAISE THIS REALM...TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

YOU'VE BEEN *AVOIDING* ME, MARC.

ST-STAY BACK...HAVEN'T I SUFFERED *ENOUGH* FOR YOU?!

THE NIGHT BUSHMAN AND I ARRIVED AT YOUR DIG SITE, EVERYTHING *CHANGED*...

"...YOU WERE THE FIRST *INNOCENT* WHO DIED BECAUSE OF ME.

"AND EVERY NIGHT SINCE, I'VE *PUNISHED* MYSELF TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU."

SO IF YOU'VE COME TO FINISH ME OFF, I WOULDN'T *BLAME* YOU...

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU HATE ME...IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO HOW MUCH I HATE *MYSELF.*

AH, MARC-- AFTER ALL THIS TIME...

...YOU *STILL* DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?

YOU MAY HAVE FAILED TO SAVE ME FROM BUSHMAN-- BUT YOU PRESERVED THE THING I CHERISHED *MOST* AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST...

...MY *LEGACY.*

"HOW MANY LIVES HAVE YOU *SAVED* SINCE YOU BECAME THE FIST OF KHONSHU?

"HOW MANY *FAMILIES* HAVE YOU KEPT TOGETHER IN MY NAME?"

DO YOU REMEMBER THE *LAST THING* I SAID BEFORE THE END, SPECTOR?

...YOU TOLD ME TO PROTECT YOUR *DAUGHTER.*

AND YOU HAVE--EVEN WHEN IT'S COST YOU *EVERYTHING.*

YOU'VE WATCHED OVER *MARLENE*...GIVEN ME MY BEAUTIFUL GRANDCHILD, *DIATRICE*...

...EVEN CARRIED ON THE ALRAUNE *NAME.*

THERE'S NO SUCH *THING* AS A GOOD DEATH, MARC...

...BUT YOU'VE KEPT MY *MEMORY* ALIVE IN ALL THE WAYS THAT TRULY MATTER.

YOU MAY THINK OF YOURSELF AS A ***MONSTER,*** MARC SPECTOR...

...BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW... I FORGAVE YOU A ***LONG*** TIME AGO.

HE EMBRACES ME--AND I FEEL THE WEIGHT OF ***ETERNITY*** FINALLY FALL FROM MY SHOULDERS.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WHAT FEELS LIKE ***FOREVER...***

...I CAN FINALLY SEE THINGS ***CLEARLY*** AGAIN.

SNNKT

IT'S NOW OR NEVER-- I DRAW MY BLADES, KNOWING I'M HOPELESSLY *OUTNUMBERED...*

MY LORD-- LOOK AT *THE WALLS!*

...BUT THAT'S WHEN I HEAR THE *SOUND.*

RRRMMB BBBBBB

OUT THERE--THERE'S SOMETHING HEADING OUR WAY!

THE THUNDERING *ROAR* THAT HERALDS A FORCE OF NATURE.

OH DEAR GODS-- *RUN!*

AMMUT THE DEVOURER HAS COME FOR US!

YOU FOOLS! NOT EVEN *AMMUT* CAN STOP THE POWER OF--WHAT?

THOOOOOM

AND IN A WAY... I SUPPOSE IT *IS.*

NO... IT CAN'T *BE!*

SHNKK

BECAUSE THEY'RE ABOUT TO FACE *THE VENGEANCE THAT NEVER DIES...*

THAT'S RIGHT--AMMUT WAS JUST THE *WARM-UP...*

...THEY'RE ABOUT TO FACE THE JUDGMENT OF THE *MOON KNIGHT.*

BUT WHEN I GET *FINISHED* WITH YOU, RANDALL...

...YOU'RE GONNA *WISH* I LET THE DEVOURER HAVE YOU.

NEXT: MATTERS OF LIFE AND DEATH!

NEXT:

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